focused on the question: What should the rear garrisons and the workers do to strengthen the army? The audience was responsive and friendly.

The next morning, September 12, Stankevich and I decided to ignore the warnings and to drive to Pskov. On the highway at the outskirts of the city we overtook crowds of workers with shovels rushing to the "front" to dig new, bigger, and better trenches. Then we passed our positions, with trenches stretching far away from the highway, with lookouts, nests for machine guns, and grounds for batteries.

Some ten miles farther we drove into a strong detachment of cavalry. Our car was stopped and a sergeant asked us to show our papers. He returned our credentials. "Lucky travel, Comrades Commissars!" Stankevich asked him what he and his men were doing here. "Reconnaissance patrol," the sergeant replied. We were not sure whether this was Kornilov's advance patrol or our men returning to the defense line. Twenty or thirty miles farther we noticed from the crest of a hill that the road ahead was barred by troops advancing in a wide column, not only on the highway but also over the fields along both sides of the road. A strange formation! Horsemen first, foot soldiers immediately behind them, horse-drawn field guns in the midst of infantry. . . . Were these the famous crack troops of the Supreme Commander? The formation seemed to violate all tactical rules and military regulations.

A young officer on horseback approached our car, and we recognized the chairman of the soldiers' Soviet in Luga. "Are you with General Kornilov?" Stankevich asked him.

"Not on your life! We are the advance outfit of the Luga garrison on the march to defend the revolution!"

"Then why are you going to Petrograd?" I inquired.

"To find favorable positions and join the Petrograd garrison," was the reply.

We drove on. Luga seemed deserted, but after we crossed the city we noticed a few peasants in fields near the highway. They told us that the scouts of the Third Corps had appeared near Luga on the tenth but had not entered the city. The garrison had left the city by several roads, falling back toward the capital. The staff of the Third Corps was located in a hamlet a few miles west of Luga, on a country road branching out from the highway. Stankevich was ready to go on to Pskov, but I suggested we get in touch with the headquarters of the corps. Probably it had been cut off from the troops. Perhaps the troops had already learned the purpose of the operation and were in open revolt. We could ask the staff to surrender.

Ten minutes later we were in the hamlet. A score of peasants were massed in front of a house.